## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IRVING'S SPANISH PAPERS.

6PANISH PAPERS AND OTHER MISCELLANDES
HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED OR UNCOLLECTED. By
WARRINGTON BYING. Arranged and edited by PIRRIR M.
14viso. 2 vols. 19mo. New-York: G. P. Putnam and
Hurd & Houghton, 18sd.

These beautifully printed volumes contain all of the nitherto unpublished productions of Washington Irving's prolific pen, together with certain papersbiographical sketches, reviews of books, and other miscellanies which have been culled from English and American reviews and magazines. We are glad on many accounts that these articles have been collected and put into such a form that they can be easily referred to in connection with the Life and Letters of Irving, for several of them are of importance in illustrating Irving's character or as satisfying us on points where his conduct has been sharply but unjustly criticized.

The first volume contains the "Spanish papers," consisting of legendary tales principally relating to the Moorish rule in Spain, and to the contest between the Moors and the Spaniards, which resulted in the complete everthrew of the nobler and more accom-pliabed race. In these tales Mr. Irving is found again on ground which by his learning and research, no less than by his enthusiasm and poetle feeling, he has made his own. We are never tired of reading what than by his enthuslasm and poetlo feeling, no has made his own. We are never tired of reading what he writes about Spain, as he was never tired of writing, and Mr. Pierre Irving, who unwittingly caused his distinguished uncle to lay aside these charming sketches, has made the amplest amends for his mischance in giving them to us in this luxurious type and paper. We are glad also that with this farewell rolume of the works of that writer whose fame he has done so much to popularize and revive, Mr. George P. Putnam has again entered the field as a publisher. On what he has done to put Irving's works into a beautiful typegraphical shape, and to scatter them beautiful typographical shape, and to scatter them broadcast over the country, Mr. Putman might well broadcast over the country, Mr. Putman might well be content to rest his claims to be counted one of our foremost publishers; but we have to thank him for many books beside, which have had a wide influence on our American culture. Our best wishes for him are that he may find another Irring, and, surely, good wishes for the next Irving that the gods may bless us with, can take no more cordial shape than that he may find another Putnam to water his laurels.

Washington Irving died at "Sunnyside" on the night of November 28, 1859, at the age of 76. In the Soring of the previous year be had finished the fifth

Spring of the previous year he had finished the fifth and last volume of his "Life of Washington," which Spring of the previous year he had missed the limit and last volume of his "Life of Washington," which closed the long list of his invaluable contributions to the literature of the English tongue. It was in Italy, 1825, while he was living in Paris, that Constable, the Edinburgh publisher, wrote to him, proposing the life of Washington as a subject for his pen; and although he did not at once set about the proposed task, fet it is probable that the happy suggestion took root in his mind, and was never wholly forgotten. At that time, however, he was not in a mood invorable to the undertaking of any literary work, nor would it have been possible for him to write a life of Washington while living in Europe. And although he had now been away from home ten years, he was so far from any thought of a speedy return that we find him in the very next year, 1826, leaving Paris for Madrid, where he was soon deep in researches for his "Life of Columbus." This was his first visit to Spain, a land of whose climate, seenery, history, language, and people he became so enamored that it stood hardly second in his heart to his own country, of which, however, no man was ever a more devoted son. America was to him father and mother; Spain was his inistress. was to him father and mother; Spain was his mistress. Even before he set foot on her shores his heart seems to have gone out to her, and the strong effection in which he was to be bound to her was probably kin ded by a previous study of her history and literature in her own language. In 1825, he wrote to his young oy a previous study of her instory and measure in her own language. In 1825, he wrote to his young nephew Pierre Paris Irving: "The Spanish language " is full of power, magnificence and melody. To my taste, it excels the Italian in variety and ex-pression. It has twice the quantity of words that the Prench has. I do not know anything that delights me more than the old Spanish literature. You will find some splendid histories in the language, and then its reserve is full of animation, pathos, humor, beauty. and some splendid histories in the language, and then its poetry is full of animation, pathos, humer, beauty, sublimity. The old literature of Spain partakes of the character of its history and its people; there is an oriental splendor about it. The mixture of Arabic tervor, magnificence, and romance, with old Castilian pride and punctific; the chivalrous heroism; the immaculate virtue; the sublimated notions of honor and courtest, all contrast finely with the seneral amount. courtesy, all contrast finely with the sensual amours, the self-indulgences, the unprincipled and crafty intrigues which so often form the ground-work of

It is perhaps not too far-fetched a coincidence that It is perhaps not too far-refered a contactore and fifteen years later, when he made his first serious effort to begin the "Life of Washington," Spain should again turn the splendor of her eyes upon him and woo him from the task. In 1841 he applied himself to the work with the enthusiasm with which he always began a new literary undertaking upon the duties of his to lay it as do. to lay it de Minister to Spain, an office conferred upon bim by President Tyler at the suggestion of Daniel Webster. Seven years of diplomatic life followed this entirely unexpected, but by no means unwelcome, appointment, in which irving honored hinself and his country by the courtesy and dignity with which he performed the duties of his position. The United States probably never had a more efficient Minister, ably as we have been served in that capacity by several of our most shining names. Yet practical as he was, and assiduous, there was something more than this, something that made his appointment to Spain a peculiar felleity. His heart so warmed to the country that it was more than a duty to serve her; it was pure phasma. And his official relations were as delightful to those with whom he was brought hate intercourse as they were to aimself. Daniel Webster—then Secretary of State—need to say that he laid adde the letters of every other. aimself. Duniel Webster—then Secretary of State—need to say that he laid aside the letters of every other correspondent to read a dispatch from Irving, and his letters and journals overflow with proof of the affection as well as respect with which he was regarded by persons in the highest stations in Spain. Not that would be understood as meaning that these letters and journals can be charged with egotism. Nothing could be further from the truth. But, a man so frank and transparent as Irving was, could not be surrounded for three years by a crowd of friends in all classes of Spanish society who regarded him with an affection almost enthusiastic, without imparting to his intimates with whom he corresponded, the genuine pleasure these proofs of affection gave him, nor could he make a record of any day in his journal in which it

ure these proofs of affection gave him, nor could be make a record of any day in his journal in which it would not be necessary to mention something that showed how he was admired and beloved. When he called at the palace to make his adieux to the Queen on resigning his mission, the Throne responded in words warmer and more cordial than ever before greeted the ears of an Embassador to that punctifious court. Irving enature, indeed, was peeniarly fitted to make him enjoy his life in Spain, for his character united many of the qualities that go to make the Spanish character. He was warm hearted, frank, and genial; with a childlike simplicity and flowing sympathy that made him at home with all classes. He was as much at his case while talking with Queens and Princesses as when he was chatting with the dark-eyed Dolores in the Albambra, or on his first visit to France sitting among ton peasant girls of Tonnein, needle in hand, at the quilting frame, or moved with pity for the poor fille de jois in Paris streets, and giving her double at the quilting trains, or moved with picy for an pool fille de joie in Paris streets, and giving her double money for her bouquet. He had a quick eye for the beauty of women and drew them strongly to him by a certain warmth and gallantry of manner which

was as pure and wholesome as the sunshine itself.

When a boy of twelve on an expedition to Ogdensburg with some friends he took captive the heart of an Indian squaw, who found it impossible to conceal her admiration for the handsome white-face and made her admiration for the handsome white-uses and made nor drunken has band so furiously jealous that after knock-ing Irving down by an unexpected blow he was with difficulty restrained from stabbing him. At another time he sees an Italian lady with whose beauty he is so bewitched that he follows her and picks up her handkerchief which he pockets with a most excusaso bewitched that he follows her and picks up her handkerchief which he pockets with a most excusable dishonesty and keeps until it is replaced by a lock of her hair which she sends to him with a request that he will call on her when he returns to Genoa. He never saw her again, but had the hair inclosed in a locket which he wore for a long time round his neck. In a letter to one of his sisters dated Barcelona, 1844, there is a charming passage—but his letters abound in charming passages, and how delightful it most have been to receive them fresh from his hand and heart, if it is so pleasant to read them in print—a passage descriptive of a Spanish beauty, which we should greatly enjoy transcribing in full, if it were not longer than our space will allow. We give a few sentences. than our space will allow. We give a few sentences. The paragraph begins, "While I am writing at a table in the cabin, I am sensible of the power of a pair of splendid Spanish eyes which are occasionally flashing upon me, and which almost seem to throw a light upon the paper. Since I cannot break the spell I will describe the owner of them. "I was interrupted in my letter-writing by an observation of interrupted in my letter-writing by an observation of the lady whom I was describing. She had caught my eye occusionally, as it glanced from my letter toward

friend the other side of the world, describing things that are passing before me, and I could not help noting down one of the best specimens of the country that I had met with.' A little bantering took place between the young lady, her husband and myself, which ended in my reading off, as well as I could in Spanish, the description I had just written down. It occasioned a world of mergineer and was taken in excellent part. The riment, and was taken in excellent part. The lady's check, for once, mantled with the rose. She laughed, shook her head, and said I was a very fandace would crowd to me to have their portraits taken -my pictures were so flattering. I have just parted with them. The steamship stopped in the open sea, just in front of the little bay of St. Filian; boats came off from shore for the party. I helped the beautiful original of the portrait into the boat, and promised her and her husband, if ever I should come to St. Filiau, I would pay them a visit. The last I noticed of her was a Spanish farewell wave of her beautiful white hand, and the gleam of her dazzling teeth as she smiled adieu. So there's a very tolerable touch of romance for a gentleman of my years." (Irving was at this time in his 61st year.) During his residence in the Albanyhra in 1890 he roperatedly mentions the in the Albambra, in 1829, he repeatedly mentions the servant Tia and the little dark-eyed Dolores as taking servant Tia and the little dark-eyed Dolores as taking the same interest in him that they would in a father, and treating him with the most devoted care and kindness. And again, at another time and place, though we cannot find the passage, he relates with a mixture of humor and feeling the consternation that he threw his servants into, by telling them that he must change his quarters, and the joy with which they welcomed his return, embracing and caressing him as if he had been a brother or a father.

It is impossible to read the numerous anecdotes and passages in his biography illustrative of his sensitiveness to the beauty of women and his delight in their society without feeling the depth of a nature that could remain constant through a long and varied life to the memory of a boyish love. But his nature was of a noble chivalry. His thoughts were habitually high; he was incapable of meanness; his instincts were diways generous; and no change of circumstances could ever affect his treatment of those whose worth

could ever affect his treatment of those whose worth he had once proved. Even when Minister to Spain he went to pay a visit of condolence and sympathy to the Duchess of Victoria, the wife of the Regent Eshe went to pay a visit of condolence and sympathy to the Duchess of Victoria, the wife of the Regent Espartere, who had just been driven from power by the successful revolution of Narvaez. This visit Irving tells us provoked the sneer of a courtier, but he never adjusted his conduct to the standard of courtier. He rather answered Sidney's description: "So valiant that he never durst do any one an injury; his word ever led by his thought and followed by his deed." So great was his gentleness, his good will, so wide spread his charity, his dislike to offend so ingrain, that we a little forget the strength and intensity of his character. He had martial ardors in him, and if he had been a soldier would have recalled Bayard's name rather than Sidney's. When Madrid was besieged by the insurgents under Narvaez, Irving could not stay in doors, but went out, despite all remonstrances, to see everything that he could of what was going on. Indeed, he had a restless spirit, and it led him into wanderings over a goodly portion of earth; nor did he satisfy his love of experience and adventure until age and declining health made excitement hurtful to him. Warm-hearted, generous, chivalrous, brave, fond of adventure, he found in Spain a second native country, where he passed seven years of almost unalloyed bapwhere he passed seven years of almost unalloyed hap-piness, serving his own people and laying up a store of material with which to delight the world; and when he finally left it, to return bome, he could not bring himself to take a last farewell, but still hoped to re-

himself to take a last farewell, but still hoped to re-turn again; and, though he never accomplished that desire, his thoughts flew, hird-like, back and forth from Spain, and, Spring after Spring, built many a nest in the old Castillan trees.

Hardly had he become fairly settled at Sunnyside, after his return from Europe in 1846, when he set himself to work to prepare for the press the series of Spanish Legends which are collected and published for the first time in the volume, now put forth under for the first time in the volume, now put for

Spanish Legends which are collected and published for the first time in the volume, now put forth under the superintendence of his nephew, Mr. P. M. Irving, the same gentleman to whom we were previously indebted for that most delightful book, "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving." In a letter written April 14, 1847, Irving wrote to his nephew:

"I am by a little agreeable exertion, turning to account a mass of matter that has been being in my trusk for years. When I was in Madrid, in 1828-27, just after Lind finished 'Columbus,' I commenced a series of chronicles illustrative of the war between the Spaniards and the Moors, to be given as the production of a mont, Fray Antonio Agupida. The 'Conquest of Granada' was the only ose I finished though I roughly aketched out parts of some others. Your under Peter was always anxious for me to carry out my fain but somelow or other I let it grow cood. The 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada' was not so immediately successful as I had anticipated, though it has held its way better than many others of my works which were more taking at first. I am up to get out of conceit of anything I do: and I suffered the manuscript of these chronicles to lie my trunk libe waste paper. About four of we weeks since. I was tired, one day, of madiling over my printed works (he had begon to publish a revised edition of them for the preval, and yet wanted occupation. I don't know how the idea of one of they day, of madiling over my head. It was the 'Chronica' of Casille. It makes about 60 or 80 pages of my withing at their in my manuscript of them for the preval, and yet wanted occupation. I don't know how the idea of one of they choose definition of them for the preval, and yet wanted occupation. I don't know how the idea of one of they choose of Casille. It mikes a decention of the charge continued the first had feel to wark on some at two or three firms of the Chronicles of Paine, the Chronicles of Casille. It mikes a descention of the charge condition of them for a large of the p

he place of noted events from what I have my self some in the rambles about Spicin."

Mr. Ivrsig, however, never put his pen to a final revision of these sketcions, but laid them aside for the "Life of Washington," which had so often yielded place to Spain and her history that it seemed but reasonable it should now assert its claims and urge him to a completion. From this time, therefore, till, as we becam by asyling, within a year of his death, the "Life of Washington" occupied his pen with but slight interruption, although he was busied during much of the earlier portion of this period with the revision of his works, preparing shem for the republication which was proposed and carried to a successful tion which was proposed and carried to a successfu termination by Mr. Geo. P. Putnam. His powers of work, though he was now past sixty, seemed but little inpaired, and his industry, when once fairly started in a literary undertaking, is really wonderful. He wrote his delightful "Life of Goldsmith," beyond all question the best biography of the poet that exists, within 60 days, and he has scarcely written anything that is more worthy of his reputation. Yet he was almost more worthy of his reputation. Yet he was almost afraid to look at it after it was published, and feared that it might give evidence of fingging power: "Are you sure it does not smell of apoplexy?" he asked. The abridgement of his "Columbus" was begun and finished in 19 days, four hundred printed pages—and yet it was so well done that it had a success hardly inferier to that of the original work. Yet Irving had much to contend with in the natural indelence of his disposition, and with in the natural indolence of his disposition, and the tendency to look with an unfavorable eye on his own performances, which often filled him with vague apprehensions of failure unfitting him for labor, for own performances, which often meet alm with vagarapprehensions of failure unfitting him for labor, for
which he required serene and happy moods. And yet
he scarcely ever wrote anything that was not immediately successful. The second of these volumes
contains his earliest attempts at writing, his letters
of Jonathan Oldstyle, written in 1862, at the age of
nineteen, while he was studying law in the effice of
Josiah Ogden Hoffman. There must have been many
who read the playful letters at the time of publication
acute enough to recognize the genius of the author, for
Irving hardly ever excelled certain portions of them. But
whether those who know to read between the lines
saw hints of Irving's future in these letters of not,
they were read by the public with avidity, and so were whether those who know to read between the lines saw hints of Irving's future in these letters or not, they were read by the public with avidity, and so were the publications that immediately followed; "Salma-gundi," published in 1807, whose humor seems to have gundi," published in 1807, whose humor seems to have a perennial flavor, enjoyed even by our generation, so far removed from the time and persons with which it is concorned; Knickerbocker's History of New-York, published in 1809, which gave almost as much delight to English as American readers, and paved the way for the unprecedented, but easily understood, success of the "Sketch Book," which, after all, is probably the book by which Irving will be best known to posterity. "The "Biographical Sketches" which follow the "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle" in these volumes were written for the "Analectic Magazine," a monthly the "Letters of Jenathan Oldstyle" in these volumes were written for the "Analectic Magazine," a monthly periodical published in Philadeiphia by the late Moses Thomas of that city, and edited by Irving during the the years 1813, 1814. The Review was originally styled the "Select Review," the name was changed to Analectic when Mr. Irving became editor of it. His contributions consisted of a Review of the Works of Robert Treat Paine; a review of Odes, Naval Songs and other Occasional Poems by Edwin C. Holland of Charleston; a notice of Paulding's Lay of the Scottish Fiddle; of Lord Byron; Traits of Indian Character, and Philip of Pokanoket, afterward incorthe Scottish Fiddle; of Lord Byron; Traits of Indian Character, and Philip of Pekaneket, afterward incor-porated in the Sketch Book; and Biographies of Capt. James Lawrence, Lieut. William Burrows, Commo-dore Oliver Perry and Captain David Porter. Of these contributions, the Review of Paine's Works, and a notice of Thomas Campbell published in the March number of 1815, with the Naval Biographies,

are the only ones republished in these volumes. His biographer says: "The conduct of this magazine, which he had hoped to find a mere pastime, proved to be an irksome business. He had a great repugnance

sys occasionally, as it glanced from my letter toward bear. 'Really, Schor,' said she, at length, with a smile, 'one would think you were a painter, taking my likeness.' I could not resist the impulse. 'Id. for he wished to be just, and could not bear to dood,' said I. I am taking it; I am writing to a besevere. He shrunk from the idea of inflicting pain.

The naval biographies afforded a more agreeable occupation. It was a proud satisfaction to record the triumphs, to quote the strong language of a letter to his brother William, "of that choice band of gallant spirits who had borne up the drowning honor of their country by the locks." These sketches are spirited and earnest, and can hardly fail to stir a chord of patriotic feeling in the breast of the reader of to-day. The remainder of the second volume of these miscellanies is filled with material of less interest, but we cellanies is filled with material of less interest, but w cellanies is filled with material of less interest, but we think it was well to preserve the articles; they add something to our knowledge of Irving's methods of work, if they furnish but little additional help in understanding the character of his mind.

That mental character was a purer reflex of the moral and spiritual nature of the man than we often more with that meyer has a style however man and

meet with. And never has a style, however pure and lucid, been the window through which we have looked into a more sincere and childlike nature than mind there the control with the best of the control that of Irving. It was childlike, but it was, at the same time, deep and strong, and its strength and depth have hardly been sufficiently estimated. It has been with his character as it has been with his books.

Pranceler," by M. Peltevin and adopted by the Council of Public Instruction in France; and a new edition of "Principles of Linear and Perspective Drawing," by William B. Fowle.

A. D. F. Randolph has added to his extensive catalogue. of devotional works two next miniature volumes, "The Shadow of the Rock, and other Religious Poems," designed as a companion-book to the "Changed Cross" which has proved so acceptable to a large class of Chris-

which has proved so acceptable to a large chass of Christian renders; and "A Precious Saviour," consisting of meditations and poems, by the Rev. G. B. Waterbury, D. D.

"The Life of St. Vincent de Paul and its Lessons" by the Rev. Thomas S. Preston, contains a survinet biographical sketch of that noble philanthropist, and in urgent appeal from his example and works for the exercise of similar charity and devotedness at the present day.

C. Scribner & Co. have issued new editions of Dr.

Marsh's " Lectures on the English Language; " Origin and History of the English Language: "Man and Nature;" President Woolsey's "International Law," and Maine's "Ancient Law,"

"The Prose Works" of the distinguished America poet, John G. Whittier, have been issued in two duode-cimo volumes by Ticknor & Fields. They comprise his famous antiquarian invention, "Margaret Smith's Journal," a collection of "Old Portraits and Modern Shetzhes," and "Literary Recreations and Miscellanies," taken from the contributions to various periodicals with which the author has been connected. The contents of these volumes are stamped with many of the traits which have won for the poetry of Mr. Whittler such a wide and well-founded admiration. Every page is inspired by an ardent love of freedom, a profound sense of human rights, and genuine sympathy with all that is beautiful in nature, and lofty and noble in character. The influence of his writings, whether in prose or verse, is singularly pure and healthmat; they glow with the eloquence of personal conviction; and, although not seldom betraying haste or carelessness in their execution, they are never wanting in admirable purpose, and aspiration after a high ideal. Their wide-spread popularity, if not a proof of the excellence of the writings, speaks well for the intelligence and good laste of the people.

"An American Family in Germann," by J. Ross Browne, is a very sketcky and superficial contribution to the library nal." a collection of "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches,"

is a very sketcky and superficial contribution to the library of comic travel, more remarkable for the free and easy character of its statements than for the fidelity of its pic tures. The author has a quick perception of the ludicro tures. The author has a quick perception of the ludicous aspects of common life, and is master of a racy and expressive vocabulary,—he rattles on with the case and freedom of the most careless conversation,—his broad humor is rarely relieved by any dash of sentiment or wit,—and though amesing for a little while, his persunial joility soon becomes vapid and wearisome. His descriptions of the domestic and social details of German life, though not without a certain trace of truthfulness, are greafly exaggerated, and were doubtless written with the intention of raising a laugh, rather than of preventing an accurate portraiture. The volume is illustrated with numerous pictorial caricatures by the author, who is equally at home with pen and pencil in comic extravaganzas. (Harper & Brothers.)

A nseful little guide-book for the traveler in France, en titled "Paris Social," is sold in the London edition by John Wiley & Son. It gives a paneramic view of every-day Whey & Son. It gives a partoramic view of the years will be in the gay metropolis, and though of modest pretensions and comparatively limited size, will be found in many respects to be of equal service with the more elaborate compileations of Galignani, Murray and Bradshaw. Taking the attanger by the hand on his first appearance among the bewildering prismatic splendors of Paria, it leads nim to a comfortable hotel, where he may live without benkruptcy, invites him to asceral charming drives in the most attractive portions of the city, tells him how to pay the coachman without being unconscionably cheated, describes the customs of house-keeping, marketing, and domestic service, points out the most fashionable and fascinating places of amusement; and winds up with a budget of miscellaneous odds and ends, which, with many of the usual platitudes of travelers hand-books, furnishes a stors of really valuable suggestions. The weakest spot in the volume is the attempt to represent the pronuncial tion of familiar French phrases by phonetic characterswhich is not only useless but ludierous. Still we ar, sure that the host of American travelers who intend to visit Paris on occusion of the great Exposition will thank us for directing their attention to this convenient; and serviceable manual. life in the gay metropolis, and though of modest pre-

Robert Carter & Brothers have issued "The Great Pilot and His Lessons," by the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D. illustrating the main principles of religion by familiar examples and appropriate anecdotes; and "Binding the Sheaves," by the Author of the "Win and Wear Series," as agreeable narrative inculcating a high tone of morality founded on Christian sentiments.

Hurd & Houghton have reprinted Lady Wallace's translation of "Beethoven's Letters," comprising the collec-

"Christian Ethics, or the Science of Duty," is the title of a new volume by Prof. Joseph Alden, designed as a practical text-book of conduct in the common relations between man and man. The theory of ethics, however, has not been neglected by the author, and he sets forth a simple exposition of the reasons which lie at the founda-tion of human duties. The Bibbe is appealed to through-out as the ultimate authority in matters of duty, as well as of faith. Prof. Aiden has a deep impression of the im-portance of moral culture, believing that intelligence alone will not execute justice, nor maintain trath. He designs his volume as an aid to the moral education of the young, and has succeeded admirably in ndapting it to its purpose. (Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.)

naments your readers, who are also likely to be readers of in the Old World, I send you a few original translations from it. It opens thus:

"A few years ago, at a friend's house, I found on the table a volume by Emerson. I booked into it, read a page, and was surpused at not having understood a worl of it, though I was surpused at not having understood a worl of it, though I was surpused at not having understood a worl of it, though I was surpused at not having understood a worl of it, though I was stolerably confident of my English. I asked shout the author, was told that he was the first ambor of America, and a great thinker, but offers somewhat wild, and that sometimes he could not even explain his cwn sentences; but that no other was so regarded, whether a a character or a prose writer. This judgment sentences durted as brilliantly into my sout that I felt an impalse to put the look into my pocket and look into it more closely at home. I always think it is very much of itself when a hook at this day so attracts us that we decide without constraint to look into it—at this day when, from a sort of instinct of ecil proservation, one has to stand on the extreme defensive against men and books, if one will be master of his time, mood, and thoughts. I took Wether's Dietlonary and began to read. The construction seemed to me quite extraordinary. I soon discovered the meeters here were resitionables, a read speech, a read man, that I had before me, not seemed to the carry the antithesis farther. I bought the book. Since then I have not ceased to read these books, and every time secura the first time.

"The writer then goes into a long metaphysical, artistic and exceedingly fine analysis of what the joy that one finds in contact with a great thinker really is. His view may be summed up thus: Every man is born to the heritage of the past; he is at the end of a long train of associations, ideas, customs, which he did not make, but which preas upon him on every side and fettor him; who so liberates the man from the wa

erson's lectures, that there was nothing that took hool of one like hearing this man. I can believe ir. Nothing goes beyond the voice of a man who speaks out of the inmost soul what he holds to be true.

The essayist gives us the following as the result of a experience in trying to announce his discovery of his prophet to his literary friends;

"We know how the world incessantly yearns for the true sure-handed kind of man to whom it can surrender itself. One feels himself happy in being acquainted with a man who seems to respond to that aspiration; and begins, half from joy at having made the discovery, and half under the impulse which accompanies every lively feeling to communicate oneself, to set forth publicly as a truth what one must hold as such. I turned first to such as I was intimately acquainted with, of whom I knew beside that English was familiar to them, so that all I had to do was to lay the book before them and say—Roud! The first result confirmed me as to the utility of the effort. I recommended accessfully Emerson's works. But now I began to encounter discouraging experiences. Emerson writce English Many moterstand that. They read the current writings which Tauchnitz sends out into the world volume on volume, Macaulay presents no difficulty, Carlyle is intelligible—they get through the strificial discriber of his periods, but with Emerson its turnpike begins to change into a considerably sandy road. He writes and thinks Americanically. He writes not for Berlin but for the people of Mausachusetts. He takes every word in the current seems of the day, there, whether the rest of humanity can get the meaning out it is to him indifferent. "Emerson has known what it, was for these writings of his, to be proscribed at first as an unbeliever, mad-man and false teacher, he heeded not that. Now be comes forward surrounded by a wondering. listening multitude. Can be now care any more what is said of him I Surely, then, not what people in Europe say of him, who with difficulty understand his language, or onl

mans. Factors through the sciences, as one new-a-days st through Lurope in an express train; we've done the journey rived where we meant to, but have done nothing toward locard negling, seen nothing, only paid for our tiskets, got

selves into a convenient place and dreamed away the time.... selves into a convenient set the mind that entertains them is a cold marriage of convenience, without society and without children. How one shrinks from conversation in which the sciences are disparaged as reloted to character! One will never deduce consequences. Whatever goes beyond the realm of the positive, and of what can be expended in books is rash conjecture; only the imappreheusible is bookly expressed, and any opinion is passed over with an expressive silence which has no other foundation than the deep feeling of him who prepounded it. Only when it becomes imposing they prick up their cars, and when it becomes at last necessary to notice it, they silently learn it by heart."

The Charles T. Brooks of Newport, R. L., is now

allently learn it by heart."

The Rev. Charles T. Brooks of Newport, R. I., is now here—or, rather, in Scotland—and will sail for America on the 29th. On Sanday he preached at South-place, London. He is understood to have been engaged in writing queer lyries in the old by-ways of Rome, and exhuming quantities of literary odds and ends in Germany, whose existence was unknown before. The following verses—which happened to fall out of his mysterious and groaning portfolio into my hands—seems to show that he is one of that class described by Emerson, who "go to Europe to portions into my nands—seems to show that he is one of that class described by Emerson, who "go to Europe to be Americanized." (By-the-by, it is said that Mr. Seward, when here, told Pelmerston that he had come to the Old World "to study despotism," and some gentlomen have been lately remarking that he has since shown himself a very apt student!) Here is the stray-leaf, dated in Rome:

I see that Furrah, the seller of heretical books at No. 82 Strand W. C., advertises an edition of "A lew days t Athena," which some will romember as Fanny Wright's flort to revive the Epicurean Philosophy. It sells for a

shilling.
Septimus Tennyson, who died at Cheltenham lately, was
the Laureate's brother. He wrote much, but published

## A VISIT TO THE NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX.

Naw-Your, Oct. 10, 1806. Once in about every generation, attention is called to our social system. Many evils seem to grow from it. A class of men peculiarly organized units to comdemn the whole structure. If public affairs are tranquil, they attempt to found a new system. So repeatedly, and for so many ages has this been done, that it must be said many ages has this been done, that it must be said that the effort arises from an aspiration. The object is not destructive, but beneficient. Twenty-five years ago an attempt was made in most of the Northern States. There are signs that another is about to be made. To those who are interested, a history of life in a Phalanx will be instructive. It is singular that none of the many thousand Fourierites have related their experience. Recently I visited the old grounds of the North American Phalanx. Additional information is brought from a similar institution in a Western State. Light will be thrown on the problem, it will not solve it.

roblem, it will not solve it.
Four miles from Red Bank, Monmouth Co., New Jersey, Four mines from hea basis, atomatic Co., see Subsection 600 acres of land were selected about 20 years ago for a Phalanx on the plan of Fourier. The founders lived in New-York, Albany, and other places. The location was fortunate, the soil naturally good, the scenery pleasing and the air healthful. It would have been better to have been near a shipping port. The road from Red Bank was heavy

First, a large building was erected for families, after ward, at a short distance, a spacious mansion was but three stories high, with a front of 150 feet, and a wing three stories high, with a front of 150 feet, and a wing of 160 feet. It is still standing, in good repair, and is about to be used for a school. The rooms are of large size and well finished, the main hall spacious, airy, light and elegant. Grape vines were trained by the side of the building, flowers were cultivated, and the adjoining ground was planted with shade trees. Two orebards of every variety of choice fruit, one of 40 ares, were planted, and small fruits, and all kinds of vegetables were raised on a large scale. The Seciety were the first to grow okra, or gurabo for the New-York markt, and those still living there continue its cultivation and control supplies. A durable stream rain near by; on its banks were pleasant walks, which are unchanged, shaded by cheatuats and walmits. which are unchanged, shaded by cheatuats and walnuts.
On this stream they built a first-class grist mill, not only
did it do good work, but they established the manufacture
of homizy and other products which gave them a valued
reputation, and the profits of this mill nearly earned their
bread.

read.

It was necessary to make the soil highly productive, and

It was necessary to make the soil highly productive, and many German and other laborers were employed. The number of members was about 100, and visitors were constant. Of all the Associations this was the best, and on it were fixed the hopes of the reformers. The chief pursuit was agriculture. Education was considered important, and they had good teachers and schools. Many young persons owed to the Phalanx an education which secured them homorable and profitable situations.

The society was select, and it was highly enjoyed. To this day do members, and particularly women, look back to that period as the happiest in their lives. Young people had few proper wishes which were not gratified. They seemed inclosed within walls which best back the storms of life. They were surrounded by whatever was useful, innocent and beautiful. Neighborhood quarrels were unknown, nor was there trouble among childron. There were a few white-eyed women who like to repeat stories, but they soon sunk to their true value.

After they had lived this life 14 years their mill burned down. Mr. Greeley offered to lend them \$12,000 to re-build; They were divided on the subject of location.

down. Mr. Greeley offered to lend them \$12,000 to re-build it. They were divided on the subject of location. Some wanted to build at Red Bank to save hauling. They could not agree. But there was another subject on which they did agree. Some surgested that they had butter and

Work was credited in hours, and onstriking a dividend, one hour had produced a certain sum. A foreman, a skillful man, had an additional reward. It was 5 cents a day. One of the chief foremen told me that after working all day with the Germans, end working hard so that there would be no delay, he had to arrange what each was to do in the morning. Often he would be awakened by falling rain. He would long be sleepless in re-arranging his plan. A skillful teacher got an additional 5 cents. All this was in accordance with Democratic principles. I was told that the average wages did not exceed 30 cents a day. You see, capital drew a certain share which labor had to pay. But this was of no consequence providing the institution was perpetual. There they could live and dile. Some, however, ran in debt each year. With large familities and small wages they could not hold their own. These long had been uneasy.

There was a public table where all meals were sates. At first, there was a lack of conveniences, and there was much hard work. Mothers sent their criffdren to school and because cooks and chambermaids. The most energetic lady took charge of the washing group. This meant she had to work hardest. Some of the best women, though work. Afterward, there were proper conveniences, but they did not prevent the nurchwage of his dry. The feet they be deliged to the work they work they did not prevent the nurchwage of his dry. The feet they do not be to the same proper conveniences, but they did not prevent the nurchwage of his dry.

had to work hardest. Some of the best women, though filled with enthusiasm for the cause, broke down with hard work. Afterward, there were proper conveniences, but they did not prevent the purchase of hair dye. The idea that woman in Association was to be relieved of many carse was not realized.

On some occasions, perhaps for reasons known at the time, there was a scarcity of victuals. One morning all they had to cat was buckwheat cakes and water. I think they must have had salt. In another Phalanx, one breakfast was mush. Every member felt ashained.

The combined order strongly had been recommended for its economics. All articles were to be purchased at wholesale, food would be cheaper; and cooking when done for many by a few, would cost little. In practice there were developments not looked for. The men were not at all alike. Some so contrived their work as not to be distant at meal time. They always heard the first ringing of the bell. In the preparation of food, naturally, there will be small quantities which are choice. In families these are thought much of, and are dealt out by a mother's good hands. They come last. But here, in the New-Jerusalem, those who were ready to eat seized upon such the first innig. If they could get enough of it they would est nothing else.

You know that in all kinds of business there must be

were deing well. The soil had been brought to a high state of cultivation. Of the 15 or 20 Associations through the country, their situation and advantages dendedly were superior. I inquired of the old members remaining on the ground, and who bought the property and are doing well, the reason for their failure. They admit there was no good reason to prevent them going on, except a disposition. But Fourier did not recommend starting with less than 1800. When I asked them what would have been the result if they had this number, they said they would have broken up in less than two years. Generally make are not prepared. Association is for the future.

I found one still sangaine. He believes there are now men enough affoat successfully to establish an Association. They should quietly commence in a town. Then should be means for doing work cheaply by machinery. A few hands can wash and iron for sweart hundred in the same manner as it is done in our public institutions. Bak-

should be means for doing work cheaply by machinery. A few hands can wash and iron for several hundred in the same manner as it is done in our public instinctions. Baking, cooking and sewing can be done in the same way. There is no disputing the fact that these means did not exist twenty years ago. Gradually, family after family could be brought together. In time a whole town would be captured.

The plausible and the easy again arise in this age. Let The panishic and the easy again arise to a local result of the market attend any general attempt at social reform if the market relation is even suspected to be rendered less happy. The family is a rock against which all objects not only will dash in vain, but they will fall shivered at its base.

## FINE ARTS.

We quote the following thoroughly sensible article from Flak's Bulletin, a newspaper published in Galveston Texas. We do not often meet with words on this subject that we can so cordially approve; and we hope we shall not offers by saying that Texas is not the place where we should have or

by saying that Texas is not the place where we should have expected to hear them:

"We are teld by good critics that ugliness reigns parament in many of our modern houses. There is truth in this observation. The first is, we as a people, are not as yet educated in at or taste. It is possible so to educate the eye as to enable it is discriminate at oace an object in good taste. Children, by being accretioned to regard daily simple and correct designs, will gradually become extinguished. A glance at the eye of the attention these to see u.gly things, and their instinct for the beautinia will very soon become extinguished. A glance at the eye offer excelest child more than volumes of books could do. The ideas and is pressions thus acquired are long lived, and survive beyond all others communicated through the senses. There is a fund truth in the mexical second is believing. The education of the child's taste begins from the birth, and it may be cultivated in the nursery as well as in the school of art. The lessons there learned through the eye are imprinted in children's minds, as it lear instinct for the beautiful may be quickward by the similar aspects of the objects which are constantly aurrounding them. We love to see pictures aderning the wall, we mean chappints, not expensive paintings, provided they continued them. We have to see pictures a learning the wall, we mean chappints, but any beauty, or a landscape scenery. The poste set house may thus be hurrished how a days for the methods of multiplication of pictures by weedcats, fitheyraphs and agravings, are almost infinite. Children will drink in the impression given by a picture, for echildren love pictures and early with them the carly impression through life. It speaks to a always in the same beautiful tone, and is never out of temper. Begin them to cultivate taste and art by procuring pictures that will convey some idea of beauty, of cobleness, of virtue and endurance." The people of Hastings, on the Hudson River, have

been doing themselves credit by building a pretty house to serve as a Railroad Station. There is not probably on any railroad a the world that runs through a civilized country a more disgrace ful set of tumble-down rookeries made to do duty for "stational than can be found on the Hudson River Railroad. At some than can be found on the Hudson River Railroad. At some at the smaller places, at Irvington for lastance, the rich men, who own all the land and control the neighborhoad, building churches and school-houses and roads to suit themselves, and with no care for the cost, have also taken the stations in hand in which waiting for the train, but these are few, and none at them very pretty. In the absence of all care for comfort or regard for beauty, there has been a lively competition among the different towns as to which has the ngliest station. Bed nave run high, bad blood has been bred, friendships have been estranged and other unpleasant consequences have followed is the train of this unhappy discussion. In one place it is secred that nothing can excel the way in which the station release when it rains, but superiority in this respect is indignatify denied on the part of another town, whose roof leaks even when it is dry; one place claims the palm for the shocking condition of its floor, and shother for the way in which its cray sades let in the cold in winter; but, amid such a crowd of contestants let in the cold in winter; but, amid such a crowd of contestants let in the cold in winter; but, amid such a crowd of contestants. Some wanted to build at Red Bank to save hauling. They could not agree. But there was another subject on which they did agree. Some suggested that they had better not build at all; that they had better dissolve. The question was put, and to every one's surprise, decided that they would dissolve. Accordingly the property was sold, and it brought 66c. on a dollar. In a manner, the sale was forced. Previously, stockholders had been receiving yearly dividends and they lost little.

While the young had been so happy, and while the women with some exceptions, enjoyed society with scarceity a cause for disquiet, fathers had been considering the future prospects of those they loved. The pay for their work was out of the profits and on a joint stock principle.